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CONTAINING

A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSICK.

ALSO,

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSICK, AND ANTHEMS.

PRINCIPALLY FROM EUROPEAN AUTHORS.

BY STEPHEN JENKS.

The Singers went before with joy,
On Instruments they play'd ;
The damsels with their timbrels then,
With beauty were array'd.

Ps. lxviii. 25.

DEDHAM:—PRINTED BY DANIEL MANN, FOR THE AUTHOR, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPY-RIGHT. 1818.

Schul

Feb 11 1991

300

TO THE TEACHERS OF MUSICK AND CHORISTERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS volume is humbly offered for your perusal and patronage—if found worthy of your protection, the compiler's design will be fully answered. Of the original pieces nothing will be said, they must stand or fall without the aid of panegyric from the author; and with respect to the selections here given, it is conceived that their merits are so extensively known and esteemed, as to render encomium unnecessary. It is sufficient, therefore, to observe that these Tunes are printed verbatim from the original copies of the American composers; and that the English tunes are taken from the most approved copies.

S. JENKS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS OF MUSICK.

THE GAMUT

Is the scale of Musical Notes. It consists of seven distinct degrees of sound, viz. Five whole tones, and two semi or half tones, which are called an Octave. They are represented on five lines and spaces, by the seven first letters of the alphabet, arranged as follows :

BASS.

B	mi
A	law
G	sol
F	faw
E	law
D	sol
C	faw
B	mi
A	law
G	sol
F	faw

TENOR, OR TREBLE.

G	sol
F	faw
E	law
D	sol
C	faw
B	mi
A	law
G	sol
F	faw

The natural place for mi is in B.

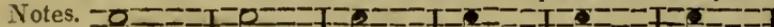
If B be flat mi is in E | If F be sharp mi is in F
 If B and E be flat mi is in A | If F and C be sharp mi is in C
 If B E and A be flat mi is in D | If F C and G be sharp mi is in G
 If B E A and D be flat mi is in G | If F C G and D be sharp mi is in D

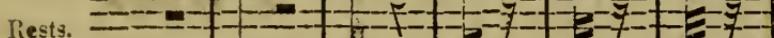
Above Mi are faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, and then comes Mi.

Below Mi are law, sol, faw, law, sol faw, and then comes Mi.

Between Mi and Faw—and Law and Faw, there is but a semitone, between the rest are whole tones.

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.

Notes. 

Rests. 

1 Semibreve is equal to two Minims, 4 Crotchets, 8 Quavers, 16 Semiquavers, or 32 Demisemiquavers.

The Rests are considered the same in time as the notes which they represent.

A Staff is the five lines with their spaces, whereon musick is written.

A Brace shows how many parts are sung together.

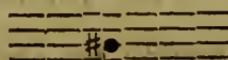
A Ledger Line is added when notes ascend or descend beyond the staff.



A Flat set before a note sinks it half a tone.

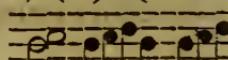


A Sharp set before a note, raises it half a tone.



A Natural set before a note made flat or sharp at the beginning of a tune, restores it to its natural sound.

A Slur shews what number of notes are sung to one syllable.

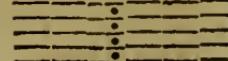
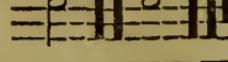
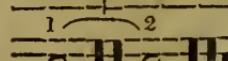
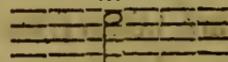
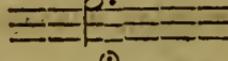
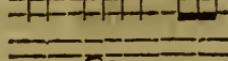


A Point makes a note half as long again.

A Hold signifies that the note over which it is set, may be continued at the pleasure of the performer.

Figures 1, 2, signify that the note under figure 1 is to be sung before repeating, and the note under figure 2 at repeating; if tied, both are to be sung.

A Repeat shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.



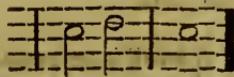
INTRODUCTION.

v

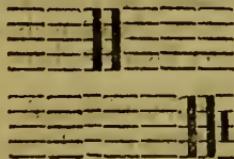
A Figure 3, placed over or under any three notes, reduces them to the time of two of the same kind.



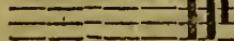
A Single Bar divides the time according to the measure note.



A Double Bar shows the end of a strain.



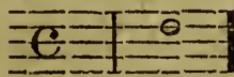
A Close shows the end of a tune.



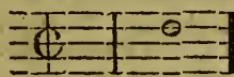
OF TIME AND ITS VARIOUS MODES.

Common Time Modes.

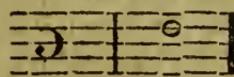
First, *Adagio*, has a semibreve for its measure note, four beats in a bar, four seconds of time.



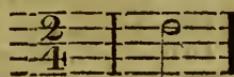
Second, *Largo*, has a semibreve for its measure note, four beats in a bar, three seconds of time.



Third, *Allegro*, has a semibreve for its measure note, two beats in a bar, two seconds of time.

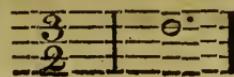


Fourth, 2—4, has a minim for its measure note, two beats in a bar, one second and half of time.

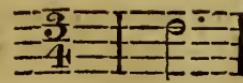


Triple Time Modes.

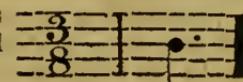
First, 3—2, has a pointed semibreve for its measure note, three beats in a bar, three seconds of time.



Second, 3—4, has a pointed minim for its measure note, three beats in a bar, two seconds of time.

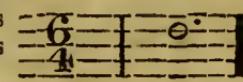


Third, 3—8, has a pointed crotchet for its measure note, three beats in a bar, one second and half of time.

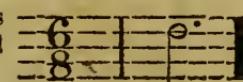


Compound Time Modes.

First, 6—4, has a pointed semibreve for its measure note, two beats in a bar, two seconds of time.

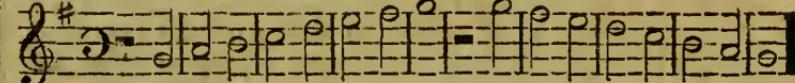


Second, 6—8, has a pointed minim for its measure note, two beats in a bar, one second and half of time.

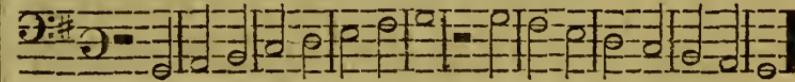


Lessons for Tuning the Voice.

G Cliff. Tenor or Treble.



F Cliff. Bass.



Of the Keys used in Musick.

The key note is the predominant tone which governs all the rest, and is the last note in the Bass; if above mi, it is a sharp or cheerful air or key; if below mi, it is a flat or mournful air or key.

Air, leading part.

Duett, two parts moving together.

For. loud. Fortissimo, very loud.

Moderato, slacken the time.

Presto, quick. Pia. soft.

Pianissimo, very soft.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

IN order to produce melody, let the voice be round, smooth and clear, aiming at ease and freedom, and be careful to pronounce every note distinctly.

For example, let any one pronounce *fa* or *la*, and they will articulate near the end of the tongue, and the sounds will be flat and insipid ; but let them pronounce *fa-w* or *la-w*, and their articulation will have a longer passage through the sounding organs, coming forth more like the soft melody of the organ, or flute, which makes vocal musick the more pleasing.

A genteel pronunciation is one of the principal beauties of singing ;—every word should be spoken as clear and distinct as possible ;—it is that which gives vocal musick the preference to instrumental, by affording at the same time the sweets of harmony with the sense of what is expressed in those harmonious strains.

The accent is another very important part of musick ;—it is a certain stress or emphasis of the voice upon particular notes or parts of the bar. It is inseparably connected with a good pronunciation, and in a great measure distinguishes one mood of time from another.—The first part of the bar is the accented part in all moods of time. In common time, where the bar is divided into four parts, there may be a second accent on the third part.—In compound time, the second accent is on the fourth.

In beating time, the greatest attention is necessary, that the motion of the hand does not influence the voice by misplacing the accent, which is almost an universal error. For the first and second moods of common time, observe 1st—strike the ends of your fingers ; 2dly, the heel of your hand ; thirdly, raise your hand a little, and fourthly, raise it still higher, which completes the bar. The

triple time moods should be beat as the two first moods of common time, omitting the last beat. The third and fourth moods of common time, and the moods of compound time, have two equal motions of the hand.

A swell is an essential beauty in singing ; it should be applied by striking the notes soft and gradually ; increasing the sound to the centre, then diminishing in the same proportion. All notes should have their swell gently as the air of the tune requires.

Soft musick is always accompanied with graceful motions, just expression, proper accent, and captivating harmony. A particular attention ought to be paid, when singing in choirs, that the Bass be sung grave and majestic, the Tenor steady and engaging, the Counter shrill and melodious, and the Treble soft and delicate. The concluding note should be sounded smooth, swelling the last beat like an echo, and all conclude at the same instant ; and any number of notes driven through bars should be sounded soft and smooth, when slurred together, without jerking or jumping so as to prevent graceful singing. Vowels not sounded in speaking, must not be in singing, as *e*, in the words *chosen, people, tremble* ; at the end of words of more than one syllable *y* is sounded like the short *i*, as *mighty, my, &c.* By some it is improperly sounded, like *me, &c.* But this belongs to grammarians.—Likewise the words *reason, hearken, and token, &c.* which have but one accent, are often sung *rea-son, hear-ken, to-ken*, which is very disagreeable and improper.

To conclude, the most important point in psalmody is a strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truths we utter with our voices, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

The Harmony of Zion, or Union Compiler.

LYNNVILLE.

L. M.

S. Holyoke.

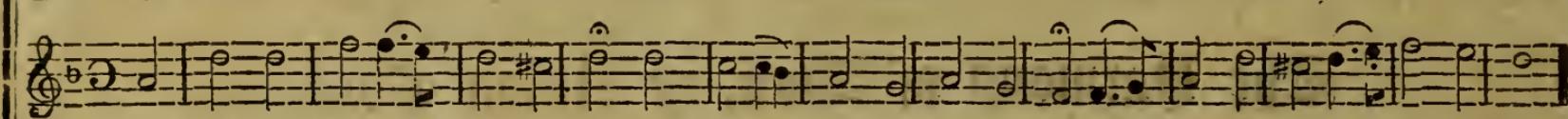
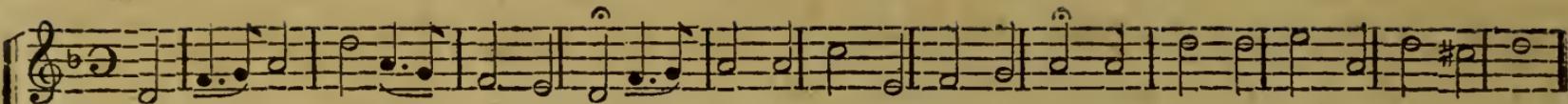
The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'F' with a flat sign). The middle staff is also in common time and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in common time and has a key signature of one flat. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. A decorative horizontal flourish with small circles and dots is positioned above the title 'LYNNVILLE.'

O, could I soar to worlds above, That blessed state of peace and love! How gladly would I mount and fly On angel's wings to joys on high!

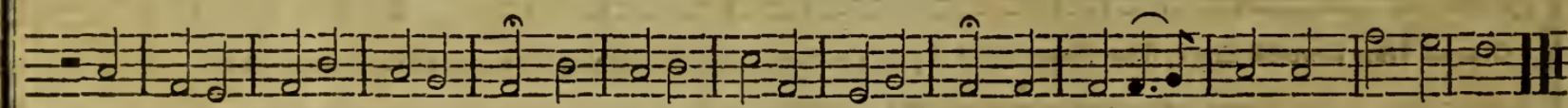
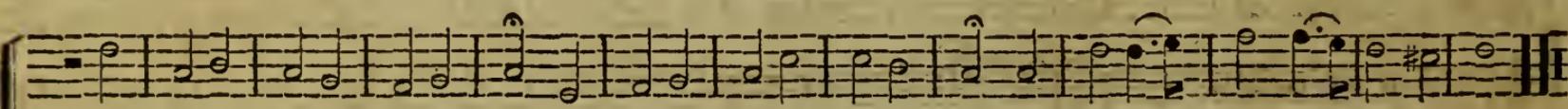
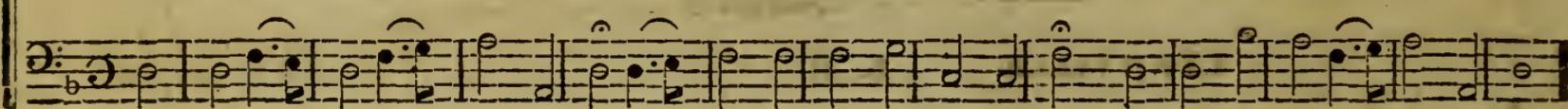
A FUNERAL PIECE.

P. M.

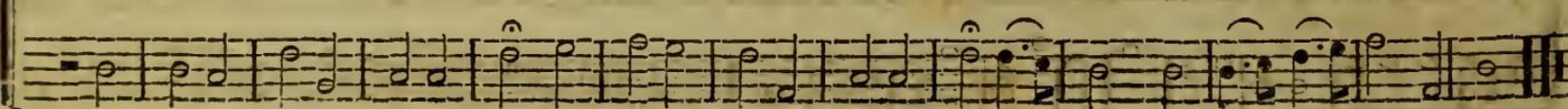
AIR.



Think, mighty God, on feeble man, How few his days, how short his span ; Short from the cradle to the grave.



Who can secure his vital breath Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly or pow'r to save.



OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

M. Luther.

5

Be thou, O God, exalted high, And as thy glory fills the sky, So let it be on earth display'd, Till thou art here as there obey'd.

WINDSOR.

C. M.

Kirby.

Straight is the way, the door is straight, That leads to joys on high; Tis but a few who find the gate, While crowds mistake and die.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

BATH. L. M.

Handel.

Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's equal Son ; Awake my voice in humble lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

MUNICH.

L. M.

Italian.

11

Musical notation for 'Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cried, in L. M. key of C major. The music consists of two staves of sixteenth-note patterns.

'Tis finish'd, 'Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cried, And meekly bow'd his head and died. 'Tis finish'd, yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

Musical notation for 'Tis finish'd, so the Saviour cried, in C. M. key of C major. The music consists of two staves of sixteenth-note patterns.

MEAR.

C. M.

Williams.

Musical notation for 'O 'twas a joyful sound to hear' in C. M. key of C major. The music consists of two staves of eighth-note patterns.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say, Up Israel to the temple haste, And keep the festal day.

Musical notation for 'O 'twas a joyful sound to hear' in C. M. key of C major. The music consists of two staves of eighth-note patterns.

ADIEU.

C. M.

Jenks.

Far from our friends and country dear, In hostile lands we mourn; No tender hand to wipe the tear Which flows with ev'ry groan.

SUTTON. S. M.

Williams.

Come all harmonious tongues, Your noblest music bring; 'Tis Christ the everlasting God, And Christ the man we sing.

Is this the kind return, And these the thanks we owe! Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings flow.

ST. THOMAS.

S. M.

Williams.

My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away, To everlasting bliss.

Behold the morning sun begins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the nations run And life and light convey.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

Jenks.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well, The night of death draws near.

INVOCATION. S. M.

Lockhart. 15

Come holy spirit, come, Let thy bright beam arise; Dispel the darkness from our mind, And open all our eyes.

RUEPORT. S. M.

Ah, whither shall I go, Burden'd, and sick, and faint; To whom should I my trouble show, And pour my long complaint.

My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - lasting bliss.

1 2

And sit and sing her - self a - - way To ev - - - er - last - ing bliss.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

Wheall.

17

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, Which that alone can fill : The firmament and stars express Their great Creator's will.

DEERFIELD.

C. M.

Jenks.

Go now and boast of all your stores, And tell how bright they shine ; Your heaps of glittering dust are yours, And my Redeemer's mine

Stoop down my tho'ts that us'd to rise, Converse awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath !

WANTAGE.

C. M.

Tansur.

Whence do our mournful tho'ts arise, And where's our courage fled; Has restless sin and raging hell Struck all our comforts dead ?

WINTER.

C. M.

Read.

19

His hoary frost his fleecy snow, Decends and clothe the ground ; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.

PECKHAM.

S. M.

Smith.

They'll wast us sooner o'er, This life's tempestuous sea ; Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore, Of blest eternity.

DOOMSDAY.

S. M.

Wood.

Behold with awful pomp, The Judge prepares to come ; The archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

AYLESBURY.

S. M.

Williams.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beside.

OHIO. S. M.

Jenks.

21

Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove; And kindle in our breasts the flame, Of never dying love, Of never dying love.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.

Far from my tho'ts vain world begone, Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit Lord from thee.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there, But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller.

TRURO. L. M.

Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue, Hosanna to th' Eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

GERMAN HYMN.

L. M. # or $\frac{15}{8}$

Pleyel.

23

So fades the lovely blooming flow'r, Frail smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die.

SORROW'S TEAR.

L. M.

Jenks.

Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away, our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour!

Mourn, mourn ye saints who once did see Our Saviour dear, nail'd to the tree; A bitter death he did endure, To save the souls of men secure.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

Knapp.

To thee, most holy and most high, To thee we bring our thankful praise; Thy works declare thy name is nigh, Thy works of wonder and of grace.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH.

S. M.

Williams.

25

To God I lift my eyes, My trust is in his name, And they whose hope on him relies, Shall never suffer shame.

PUTNEY.

L. M.

Williams.

Lord what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and repine; To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and robes of honor shine?

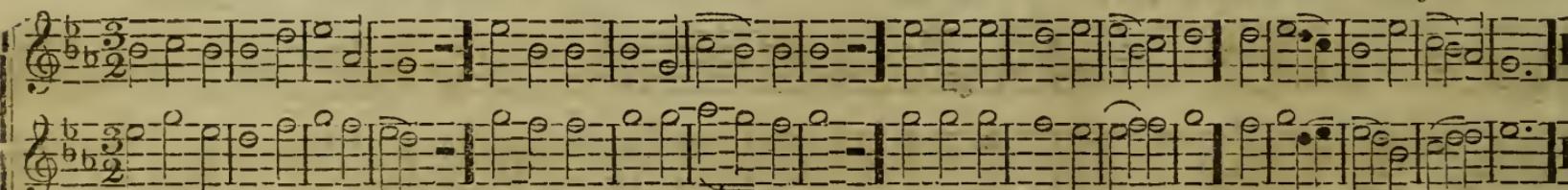


My soul the great Creator praise, When cloth'd in his celestial rays, He in full majesty appears, And like a robe his glory wears.



PSALM 97.

L. M.

E. Tuckey.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade, His dazzling glory shroud in state; Justice and truth his guards are made, And fix'd by his pavilion wait.



ARMLEY. L. M.

Williams.

27

Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joys or earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

EDGECOMB.

C. M.

Burney.

My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so, Awake my sluggish soul; Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothings half so dull, Yet nothings half so dull.

COLCHESTER.

C. M.

Williams.

With songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky.

PLYMOUTH.

C. M.

Handel.

With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word.

CHINA.

C. M.

Swan.

29

Why should we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms ? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

NEWMARK.

C. M.

Bull.

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Come, children, learn to fear the Lord, And that your days be long; Let not a false or spiteful word

Be found upon your tongues. Let not a false or spiteful word Be found upon your tongues.

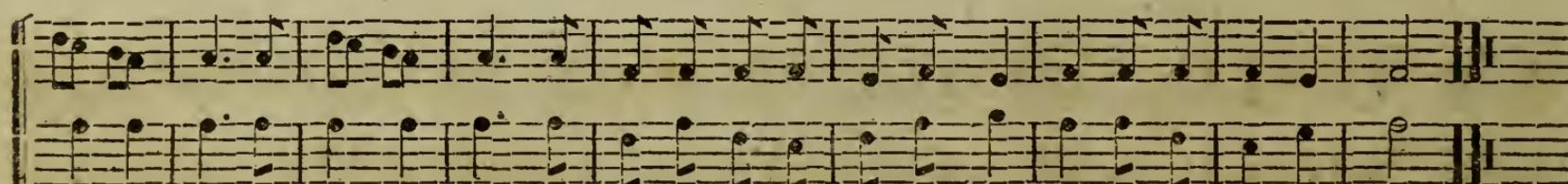
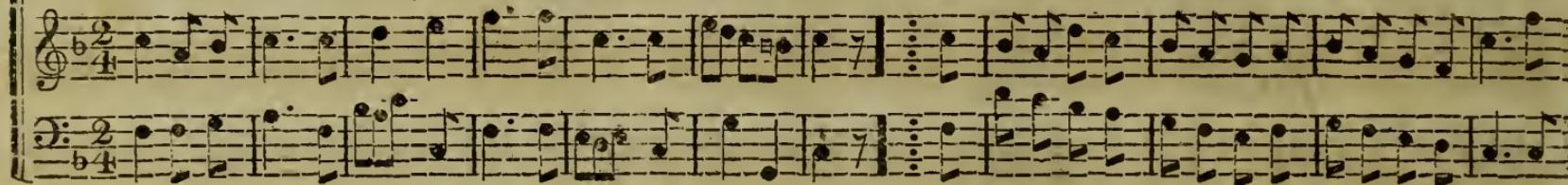
To our Almighty Maker, God, New honors be address'd; His great salvation shines abroad, And makes the nations blest.

Ye islands of the northern sea Rejoice, the Saviour reigns; His word, like fire, prepares his way, And mountains melt to plains, And—

DOXOLOGY. E. M.



To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Ode God whom we adore; Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be evermore, Be



glory as it was, is now, Be glory as it was is now, And shall be ev - er - - more.



LEON. L. M.

Porter.

33

Our Saviour meets his flock to day, Shall I in sloth a - bide at home?

Shall I behind the people stay? When Jesus calls there still is room.

Shall I behind the people stay? When Jesus calls there still is room.

Shall I behind the people stay? When Jesus calls there still is room.

BROOKFIELD.

L. M.

Billings.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator, God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than He?

FADING NATURE. L. M.

Thousands of journeys night and day I have rode weary on the way, To heal the sick, but now am gone A journey never to return.

ZION. P. M.

Jenks

35

How pleas'd and blest was I, To hear the people cry, ' Come let us seek our God to day ;' We'll haste to Zion's hill,
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal, And there our vows and honors pay.

SUFFIELD. S. M.

Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay ; Just like a flood our ³hasty days Are sweeping us away.

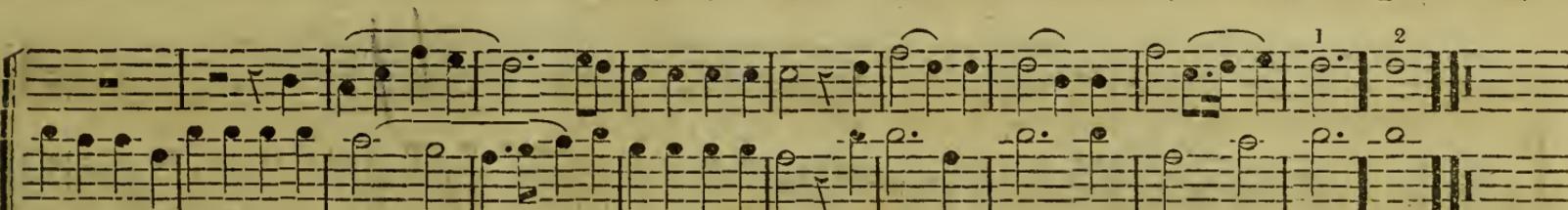
Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

BRAY. C. M.

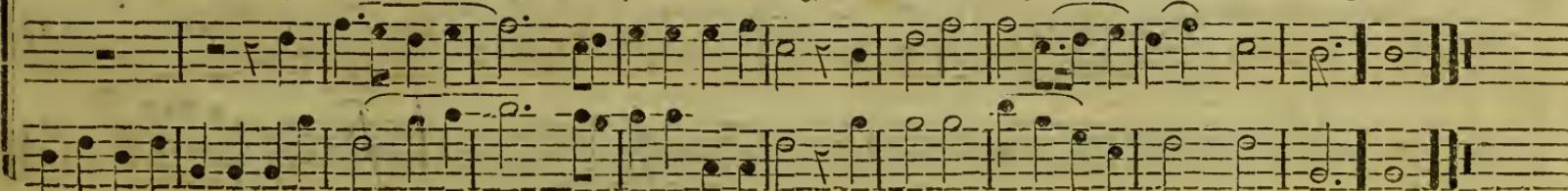
Say to the world the Lord is come, Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n—



Methinks I hear the heav'ns resound, And all the earth exulting ring, To usher in the glorious day, And hail the spotless infant King. To



usher in the glorious day, And hail the spotless infant King, And hail the spotless infant King.





Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove! Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things.



Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up where eternal ages roll, Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul, And fruits—



COMPASSION.

S. M.

Jenks.

39

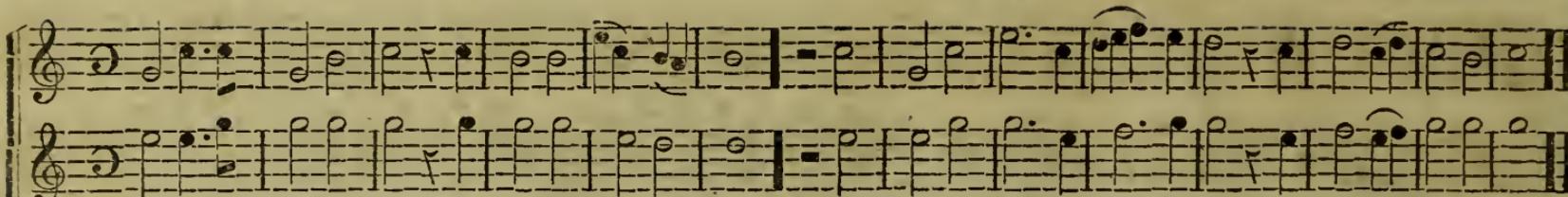
Did Christ for sinners die, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

FUNERAL THOUGHT.

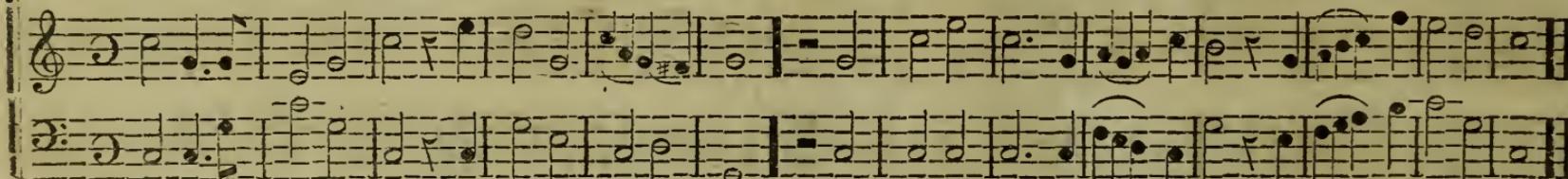
C. M.

Smith.

That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.



Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jehovah is the Sovereign God, The Universal King.



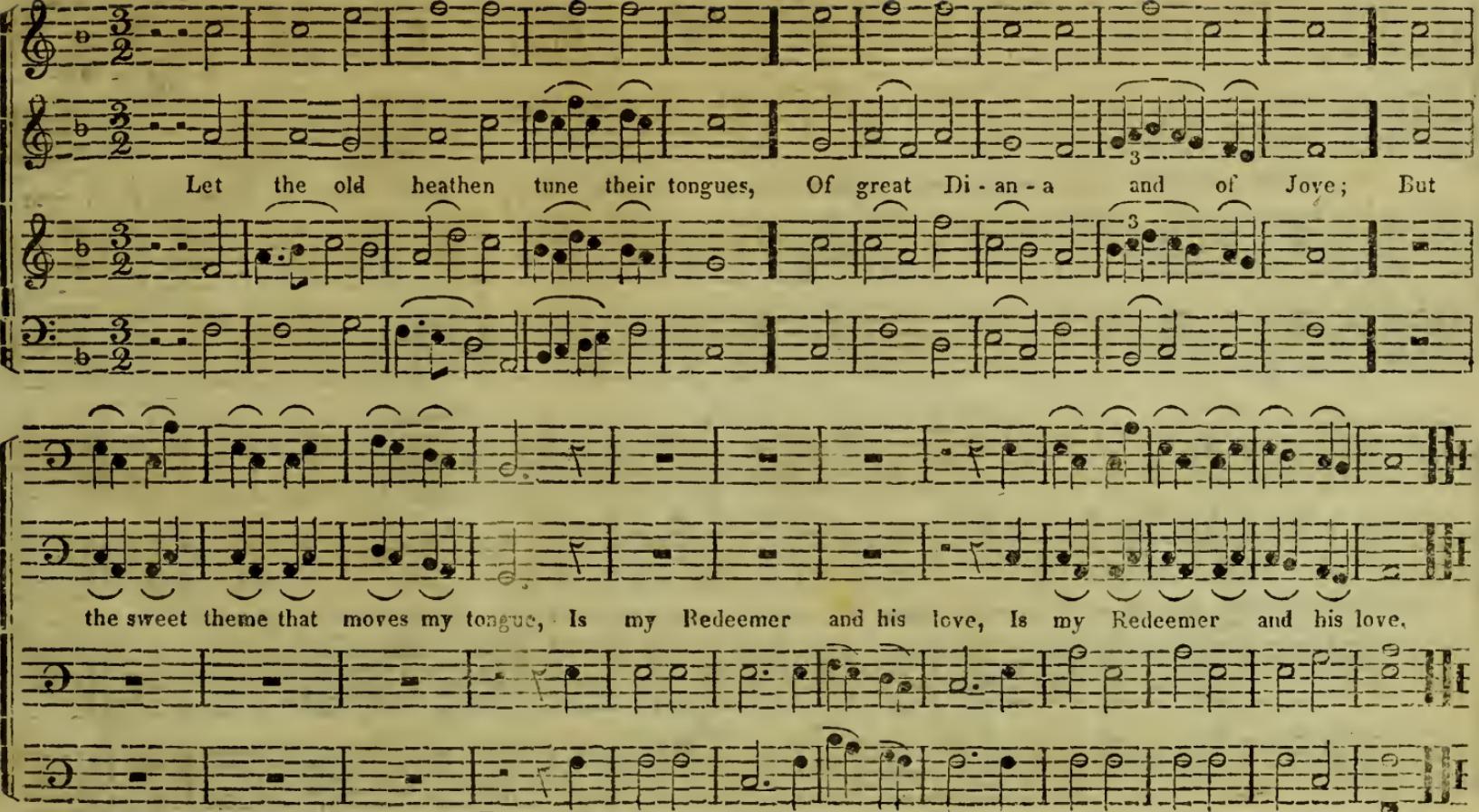
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.



SCITUATE. L. M.

Talbot.

41



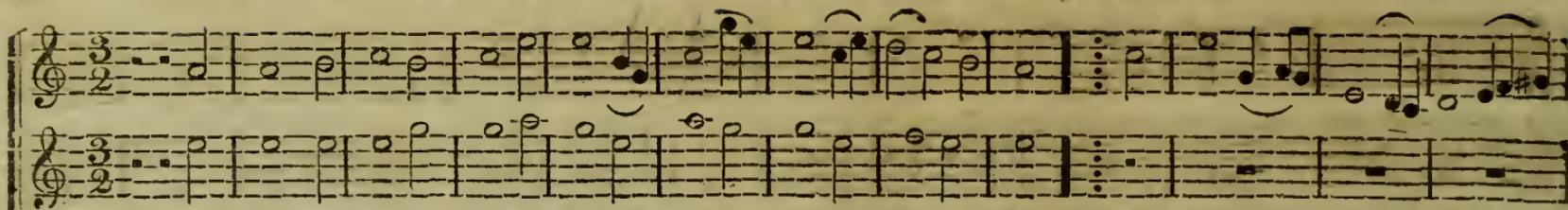
Let the old heathen tune their tongues, Of great Di - an - a and of Joye; But

the sweet theme that moves my tongue, Is my Redeemer and his love, Is my Redeemer and his love,

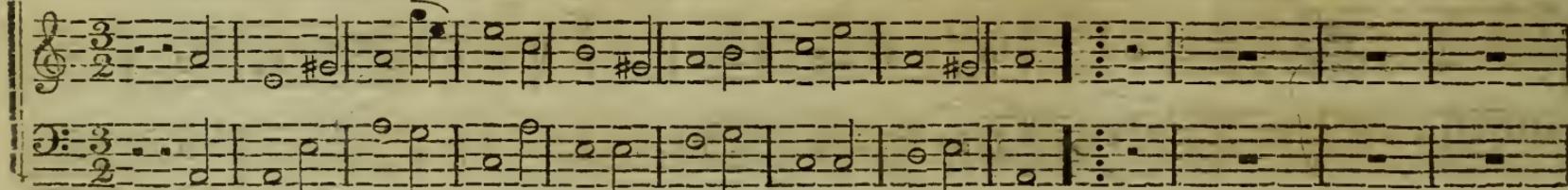
WEEPING NATURE.

L. M.

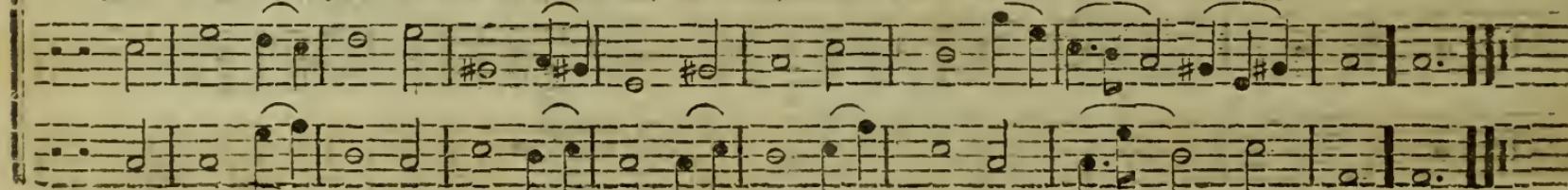
Jenks.



Nature, she shews her weeping eyes, Whene'er a near re - lation dies; Her streaming eyes flow down with



tears, Her streaming eyes flow down with tears, A sad, a mournful face appears.

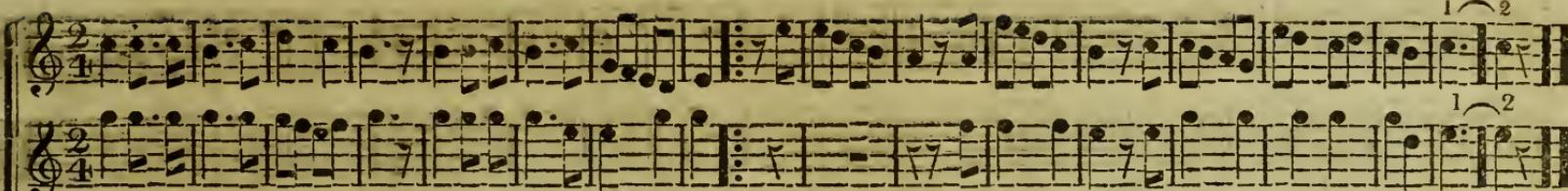


STRONG HOPE.

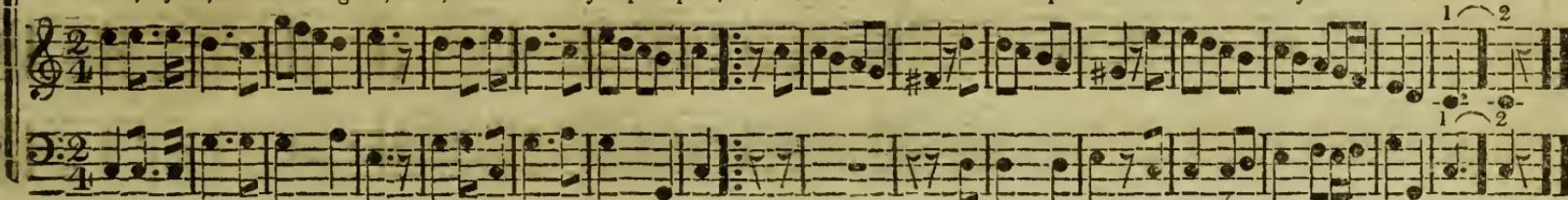
L. M.

Jenks.

48

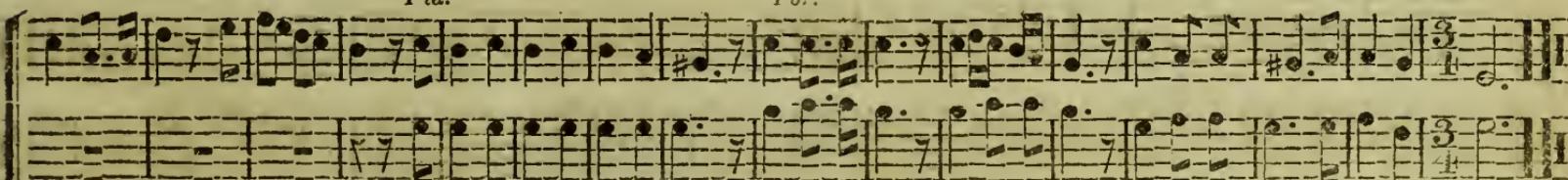


Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix my hopes upon ; His tracks I see and I'll pursue The narrow way 'till him I view.



Pia.

For.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below ; Praise him above ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



COLES' HILL.

C. M.

Williams.

Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my sovereign die ; Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I ?

LEBANON. C. M.

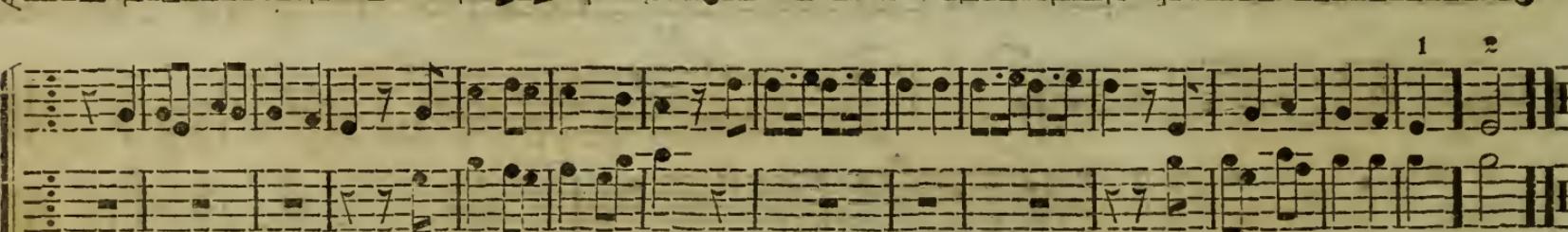
Billings.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first ; His life's a shadow light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

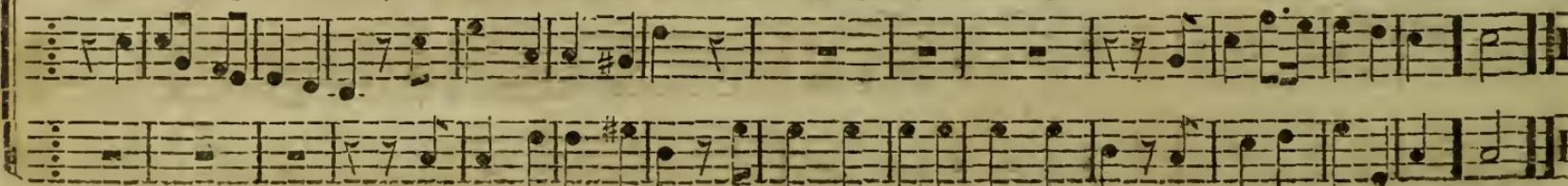
O, bless the Lord my soul, Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose
favours are divine. And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favours are divine.



Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'ly hosts the song begin, And sound his praise abroad.



Thou sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays; Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.





The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supply'd; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want beside?



If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.



Pia.

For.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

BANGOR.

C. M.

Tansur.

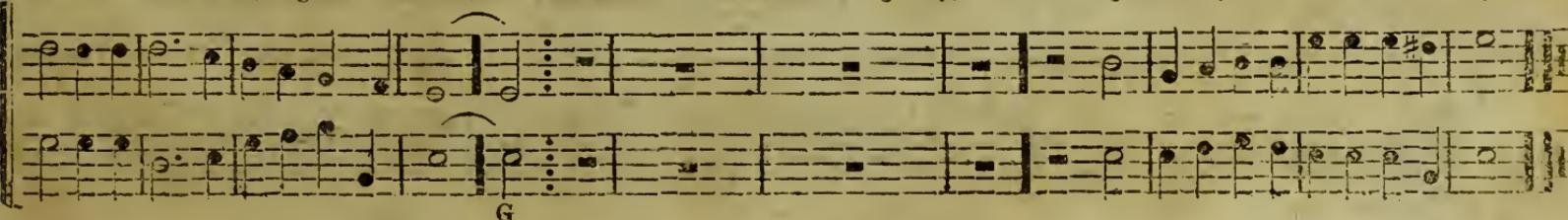
How short and hasty is our life, How vast our soul's affairs! Yet senseless mortals vainly strive To lavish out their years.



The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ; From east to west the sounding orders spread,



Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead ; No more shall Atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day.



Pia.

Hail ! glorious day, Hail ! glorious day, Hail, the assembled throng, To dedicate this sacred dome, From ev'ry heart let grateful incense rise

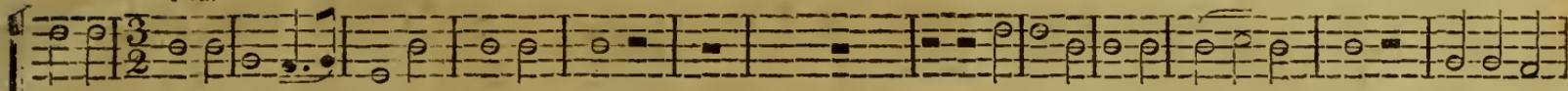
For.

Divoto.

Presto.

Before Jehovah's throne, Angels descend, touch each vibrating heart, and on the golden wire of melody, Conduct our praises to the palace

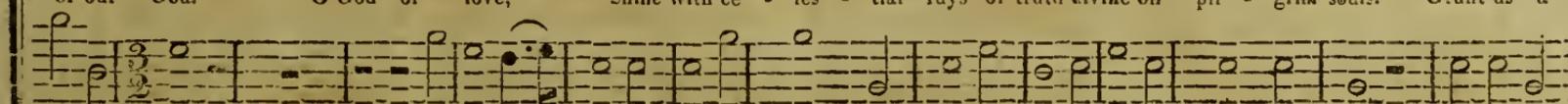
Pia.



O God of love, O God of love!



of our God. O God of love, Shine with ce - les - tial rays of truth divine on pil - grim souls. Grant us a

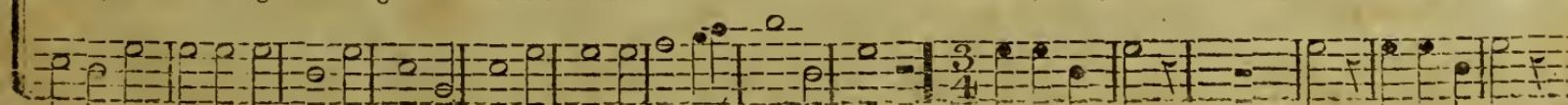


O God of love!



convoy of consoling love To guide us to the mansions of e - ter - nal bliss.

Hail, Jesus, hail! hail, Jesus, hail! hail, Jesus, hail!



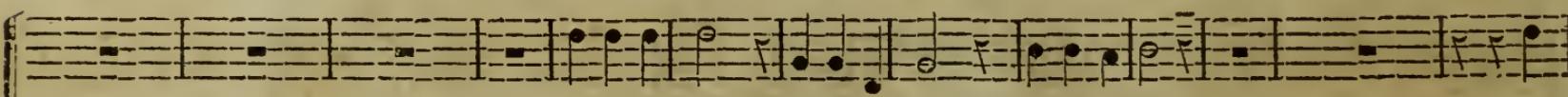
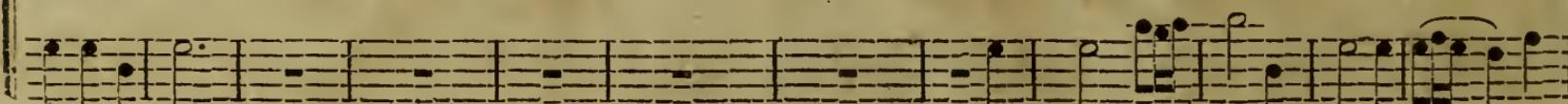
Pia.

For.

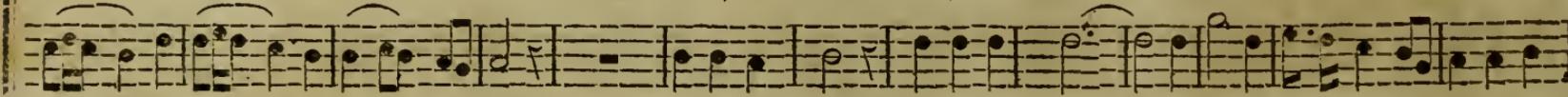
Pia.



hail, heav'ns first born ! Look down with smiling love on this de - light - ful day, on this del - lightful day. Accept the

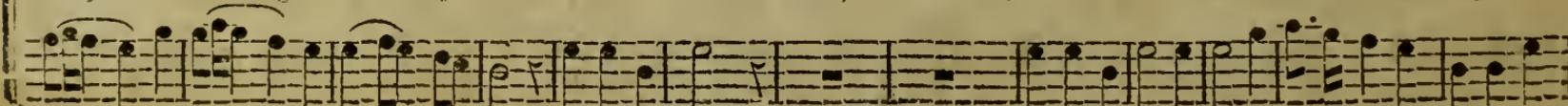


For thee we built, For thee we built, For thee we built,



grateful homage of our souls.

For thee we built, For thee we built. To thee we dedicate this temple, To



For thee we built,

For thee we built.

ANTHEM *Continued.*

thee we ded - i - cate this temple. Here may the humble soul repair, And catch the melting sounds of gospel

Pia.

For.

Pia.

truth ; Here shall the infidel hear his doom, hear his doom, hear his doom, And trem - ble as he hears.

While loud re - echoes th' Almigh - ty's praise.

While loud re - echoes th' Al - migh - ty's praise.

From ev'ry aged mouth shall virtue's anthem flow;

While loud re - echoes th' Al - - mighty's praise.

Pianissimo.

Rise, rise, ye souls. har - monious strike

Each infant tongue shall lisp a hallelujah.

Rise, rise, rise, rise,

Rise, rise, ye souls, harmonious strike the heav'n string lyre of praise.

Presto.

ANTHEM *Continued.*

55

and chant, and chant,

Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant e-

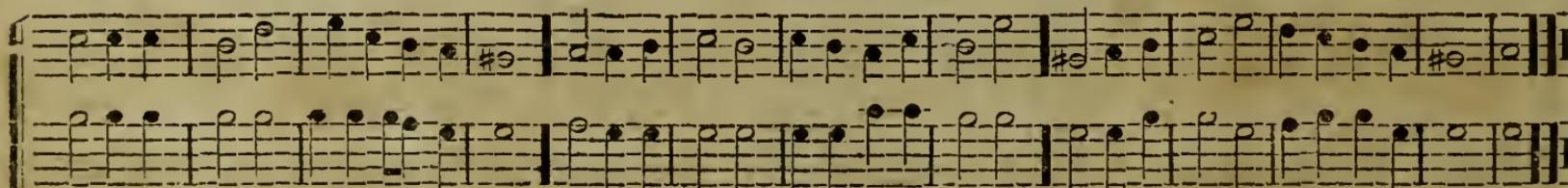
and chant, and chant

For.

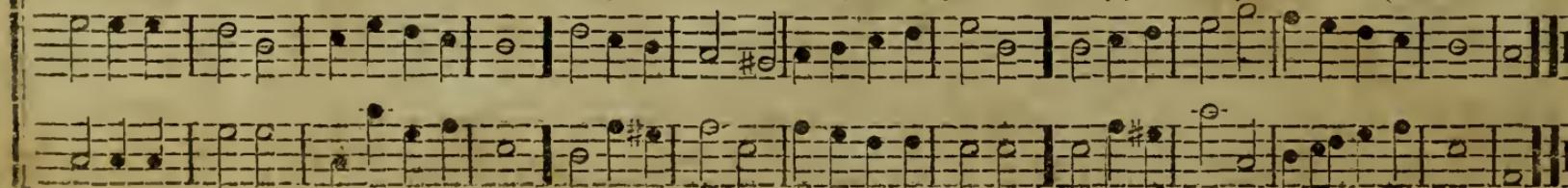
ter - nal hal - le - lu - jah to your Parent God. A - - men, A - - men.

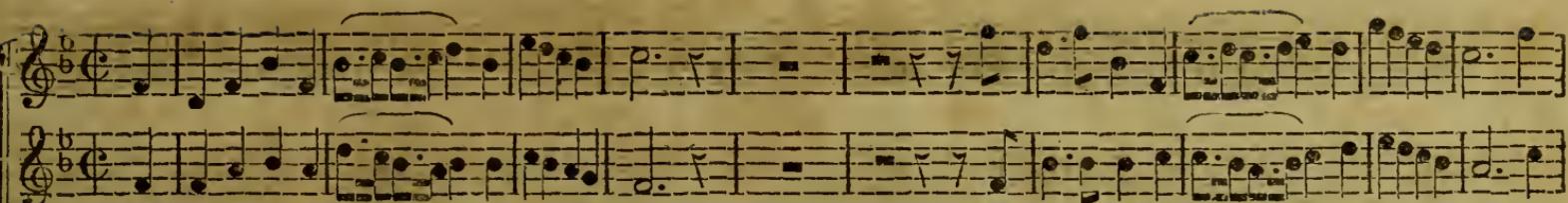


The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west his sovereign orders spread,

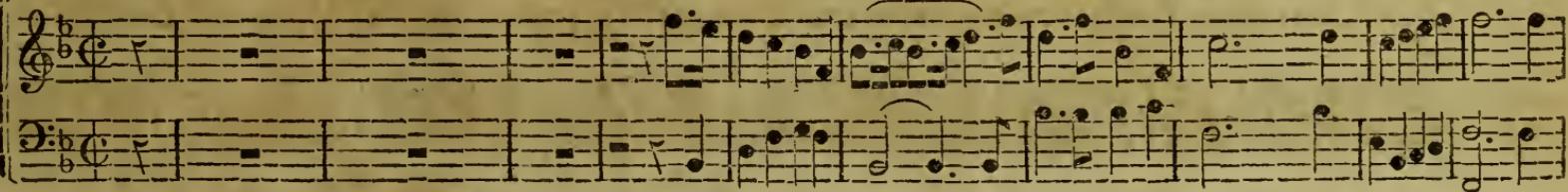


Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices, Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices.





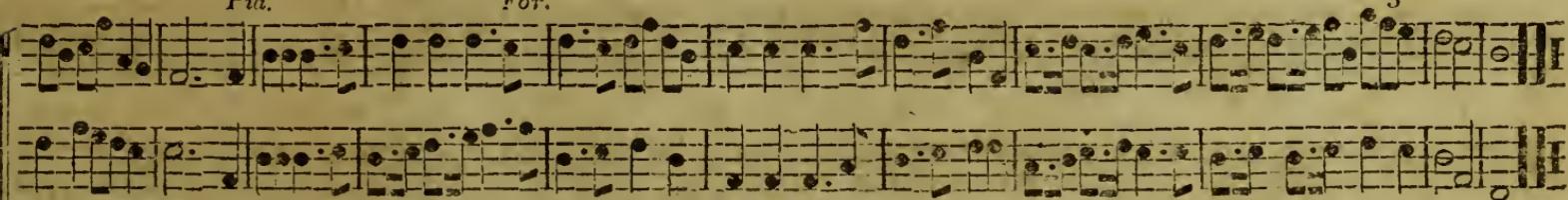
Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divine, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise, To



Pia.

For.

3

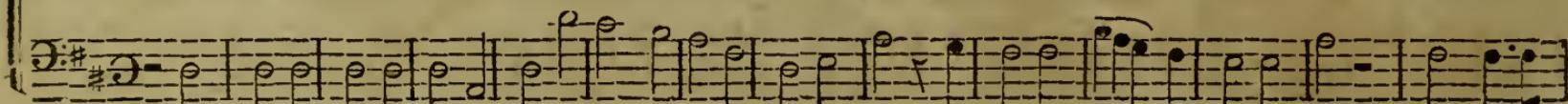


your Creator's praise. Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song. Ye holy throng—





Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high! The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the



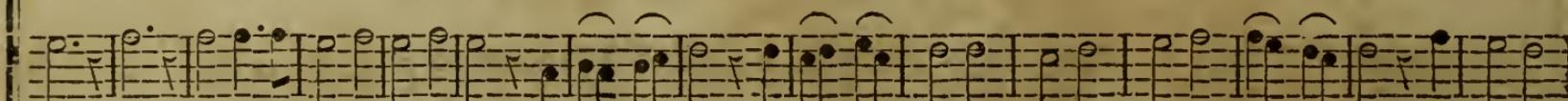
portals of the sky. The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the pertals of the sky.



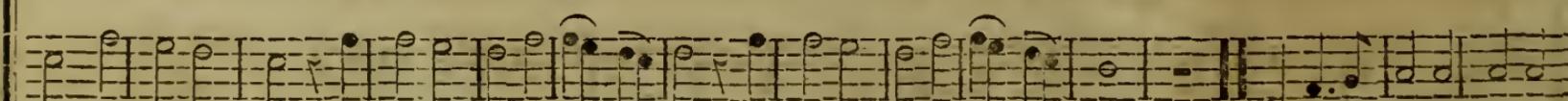
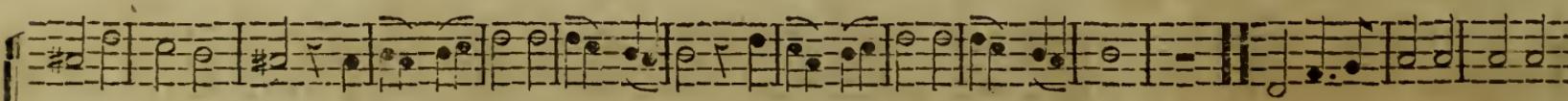
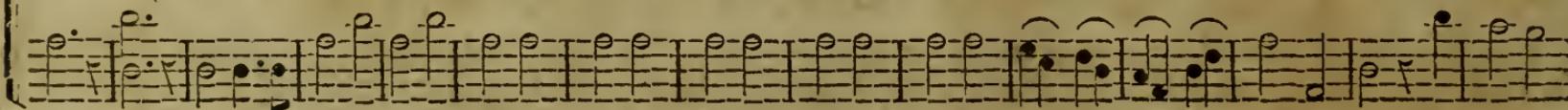
CHESHUNT *Continued.*

There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay; Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev - er - lasting

doors give way. Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev - - erlasting doors give way, Who is this King of glory ?

CHESHUNT *Continued.*

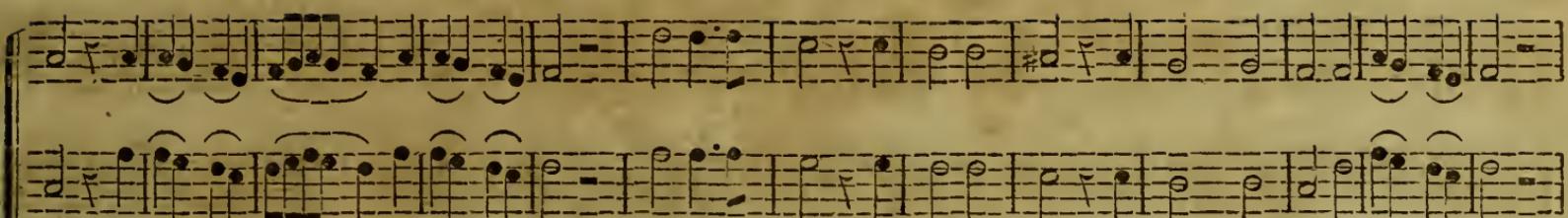
Who ? who ? Who is this King of glory, who ? The Lord who all his foes o'ercame, The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ; And Jesus



is the conq'rors name, And Jesus is the conq'rors name, And Jesus is the conq'rors name.

Lo, his triumphal chariot

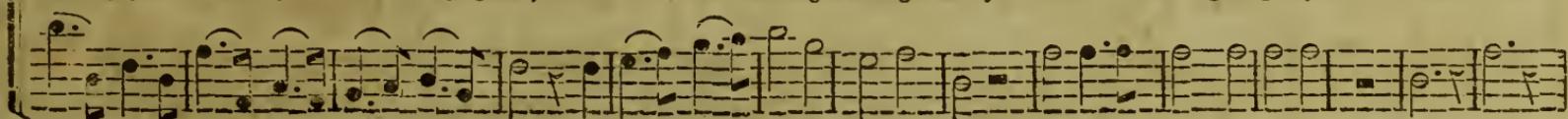


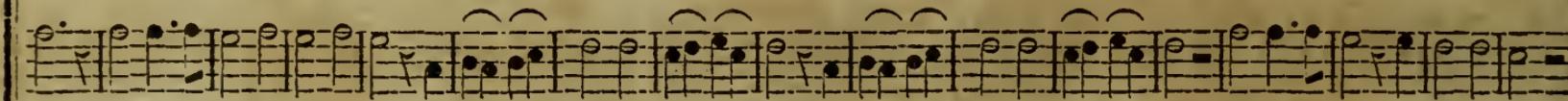
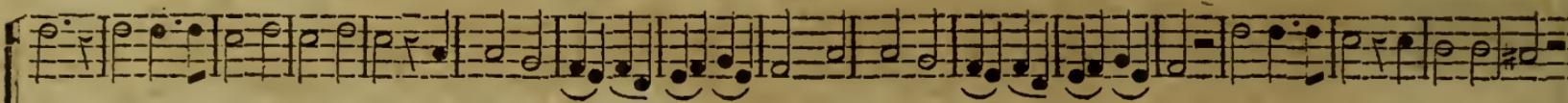


waits, And angels chant the solemn lay; Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev - er - lasting doors give way.

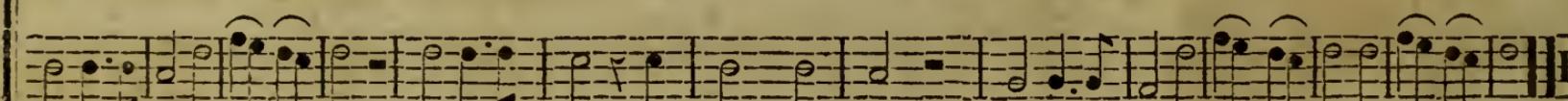
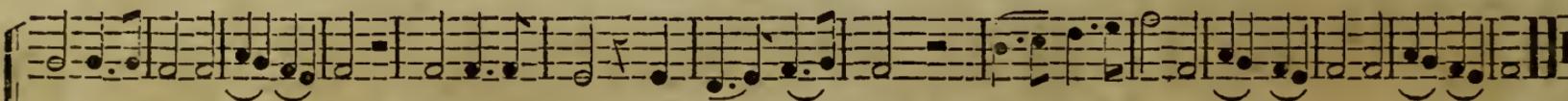
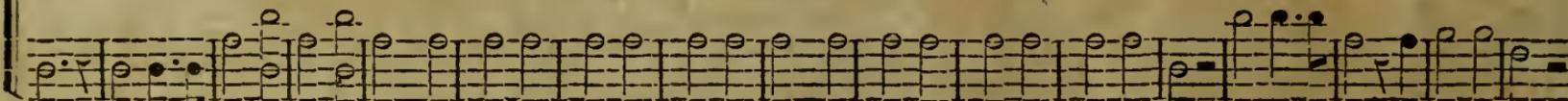


Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye ev - er - lasting doors give way. Who is this King of glory ? Who ? who ?



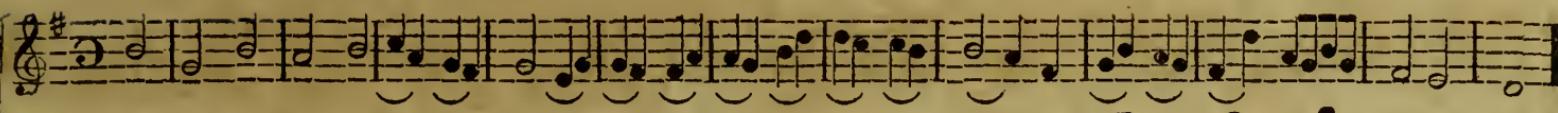


Who? Who is this King of glory, who? The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd, The King of saints and angels too. God over all, forever blest,

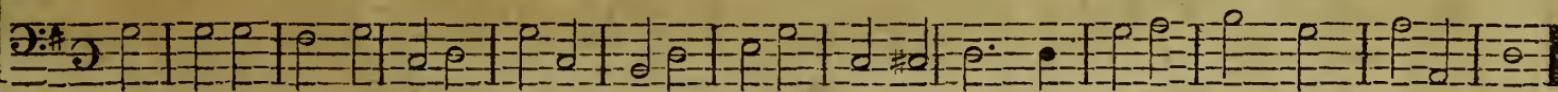


God over all forever blest, God over all, for - ev - - er blest, God over all, forever blest, forever blest,

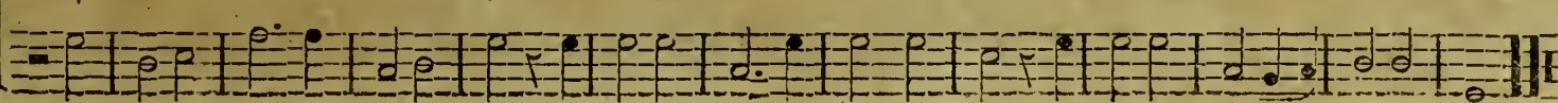




I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and tho't and being last, Or immor - tal - i - - ty endures.



Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; Awake my soft and tuneful lyre, Awake each charming string.

Awake and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb, The silver moon rolls clear.

Awake and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent orb, The silver moon rolls clear.

EASTPORT.

8.7.

S. Holyoke.

65

ANDANTE.

Hail, thou once despised Jesus, Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.

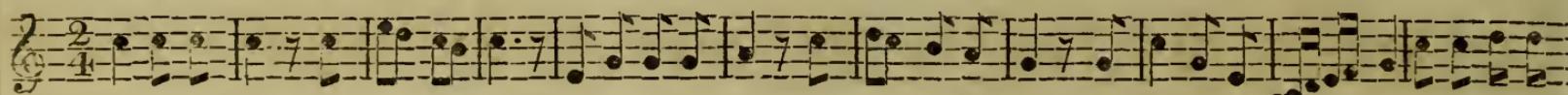
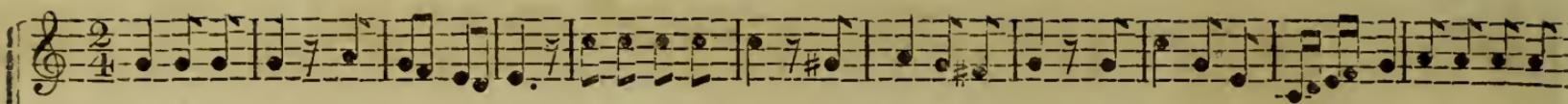
Hail, thou once despised Jesus, Thou didst free salvation bring ; By thy death thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.

Gress.

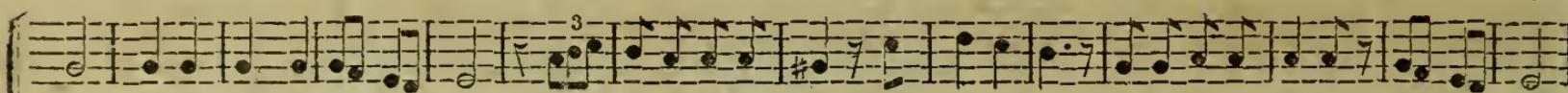
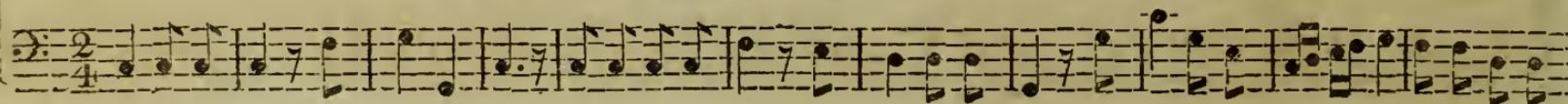
100

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame, By thy merits we find favor, Life is given thro' thy name.

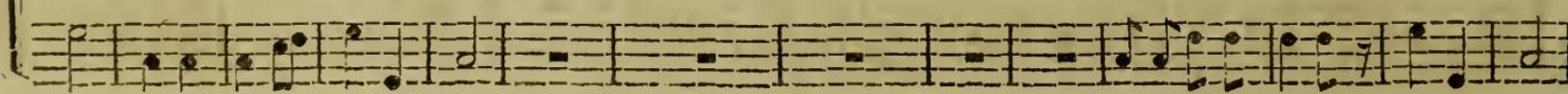
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our sin and shame, By thy merits we find favor, Life is given thro' thy name.

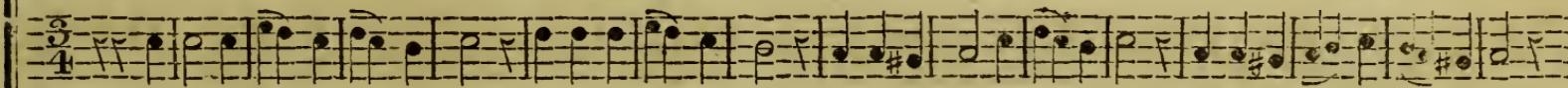
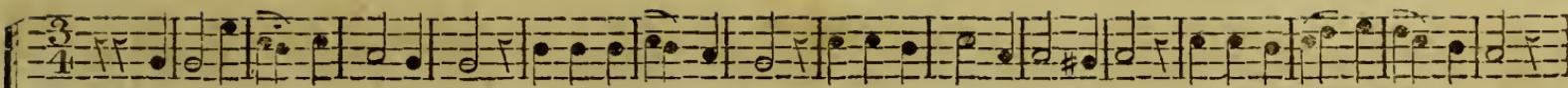


Let there be light! th' Almighty spoke, And resplendent streams broke forth from the east, And darted their brilliant rays to illumin-

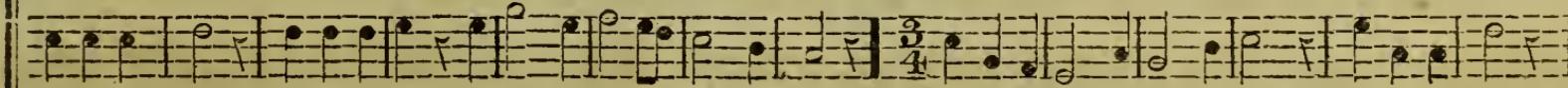
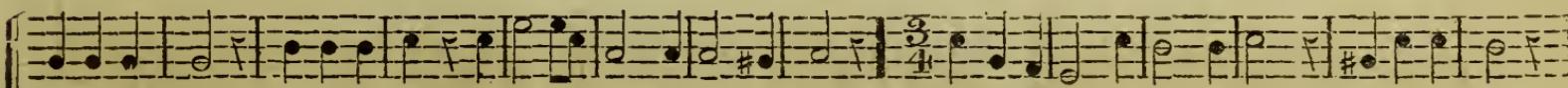
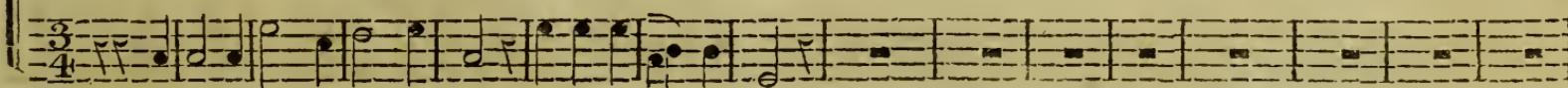


ate the dark regions of the west, Caused the western star to rise and shine with resplendent lustre thro' the earth.





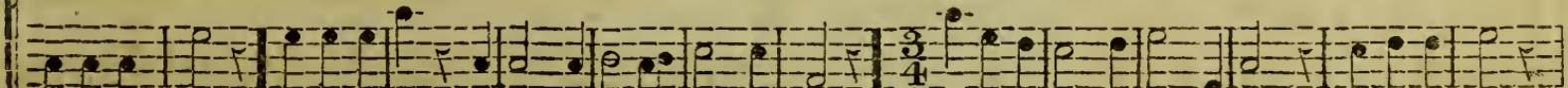
When earth's foundation first was laid By the great Artist's hand, Mankind in vain for shelter sought, In vain they rov'd from place to place,



Until from heav'n were taught the plan to build, to fix on earth a home.

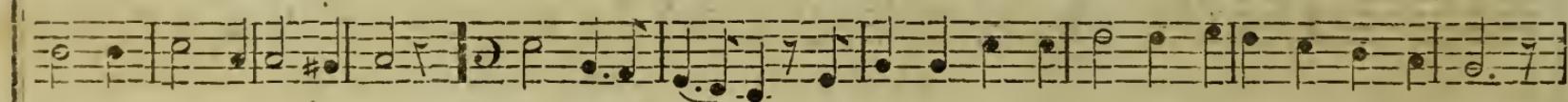
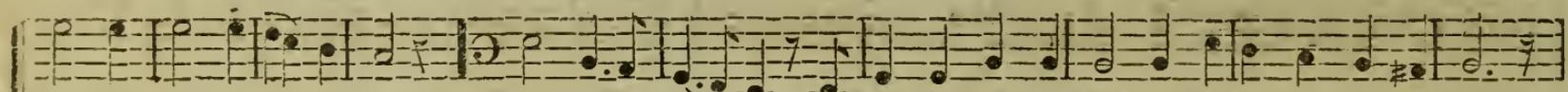
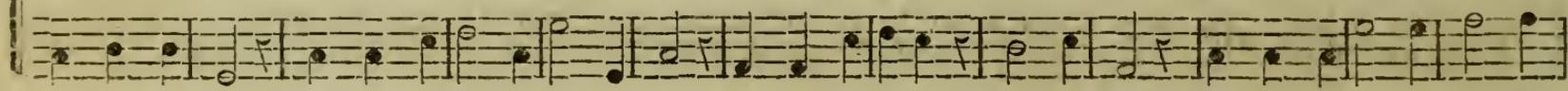
Illustrious hence we date our art,

And now appears

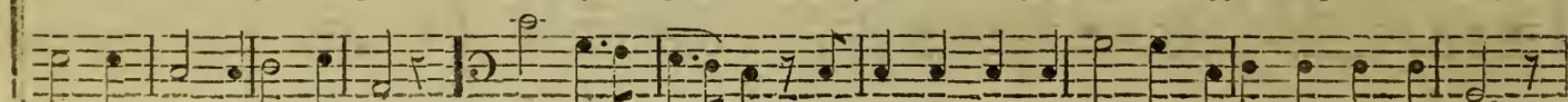




in beauteous piles, Which shall to endless time endure. Widows and orphans dry your tears, Our willing hands supply your



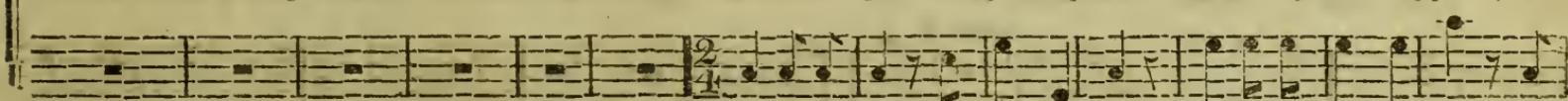
wants as far as pow'r is giv'n. Shout, ye enlight'ned, when you shall see your Saviour approaching from the east,



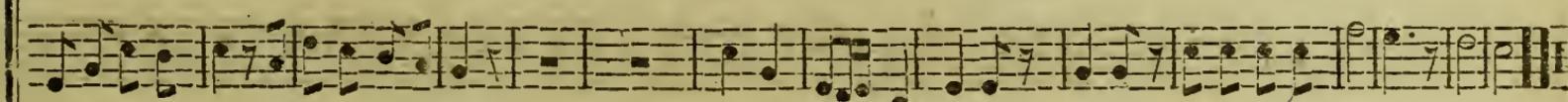


Clothed in a white garment, a token of innocence.

Parent of Light! accept our praise; Who are by friendship join'd, A

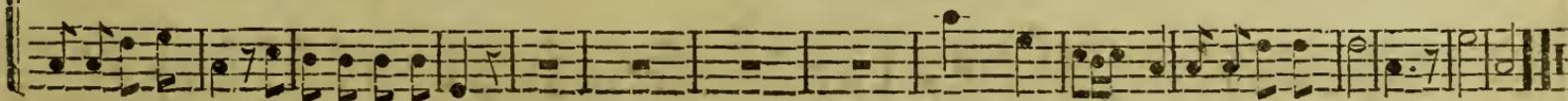


Halle - lu - jah, amen, amen, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, amen, amen.



social band to sing, a social band to sing.

halle - - lu - jah, amen, amen, hallelujah, amen, amen.



hal - le - - lu - jah, hallelujah, amen, amen.

Music score for the first two staves of the hymn 'DISMISSION.' The music is in common time. The first staff uses a treble clef, and the second staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes between the two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns with various rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics for the first two staves are: 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all de - part in peace; Still on gospel manna feed us,'

Music score for the third and fourth staves of the hymn 'DISMISSION.' The music continues in common time. The first staff uses a treble clef, and the second staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes between the two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns with various rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics for the third and fourth staves are: 'Pure se - raph - ic love increase. Fill each heart with consolation, Up to thee our voices raise ; When we reach our blissful station;

Music score for the fifth and sixth staves of the hymn 'DISMISSION.' The music continues in common time. The first staff uses a treble clef, and the second staff uses a bass clef. The key signature changes between the two staves. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns with various rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics for the fifth and sixth staves are: 'Pure se - raph - ic love increase. Fill each heart with consolation, Up to thee our voices raise ; When we reach our blissful station;

DISMISSION *Continued.*

71

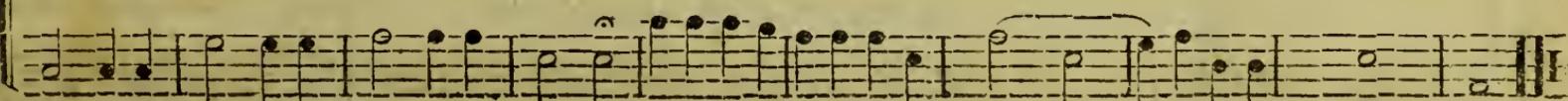


Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then--

And sing halle lu - jah to God and the Lamb. For-

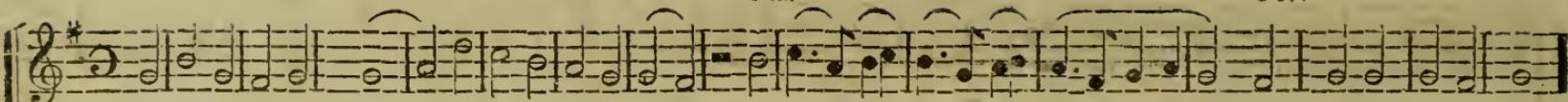


ev - er, and ever, for . ev - er, and ever. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hal - - - - lelujah, A - - men.

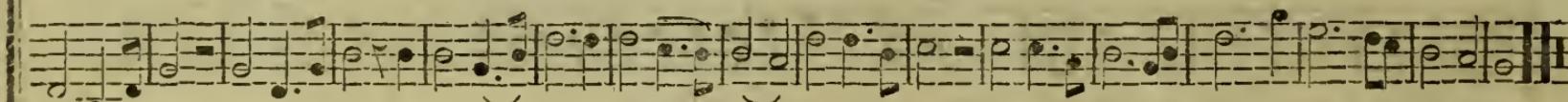
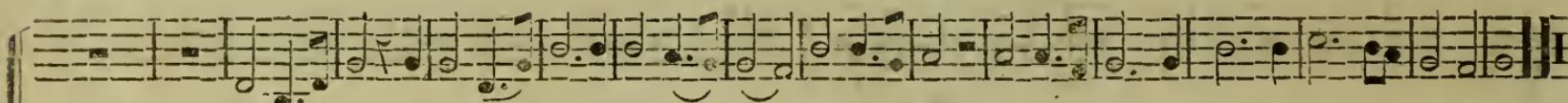
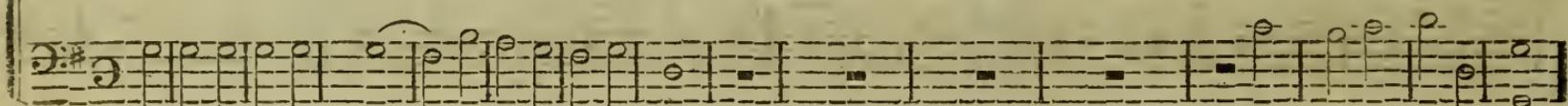


Pia.

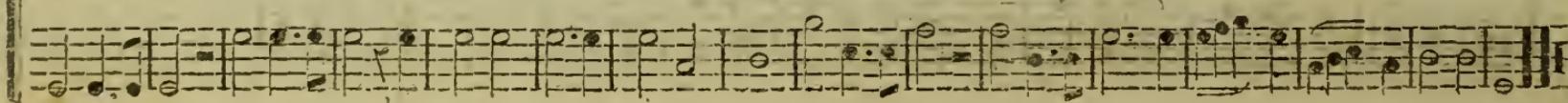
For.



Jesus, our great High Priest, Offer'd his blood and dy'd; My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside.

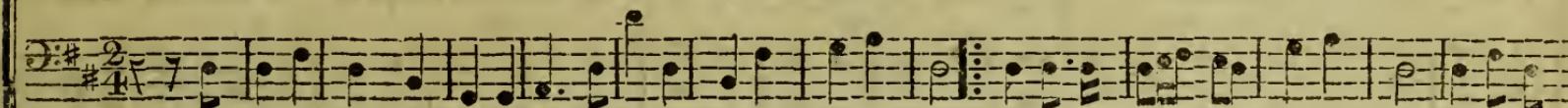


His pow'rful blood Did once atone; And now it pleads Before the throne, His pow'rful blood Did once atone, And now it pleads Before--

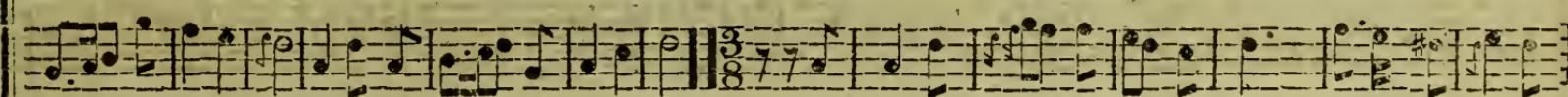
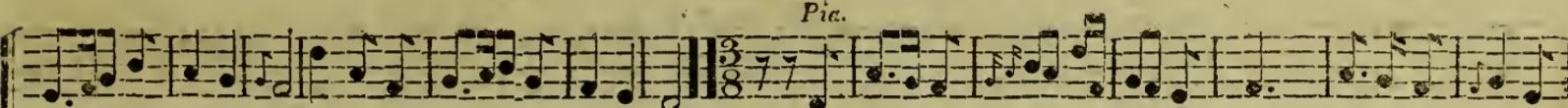




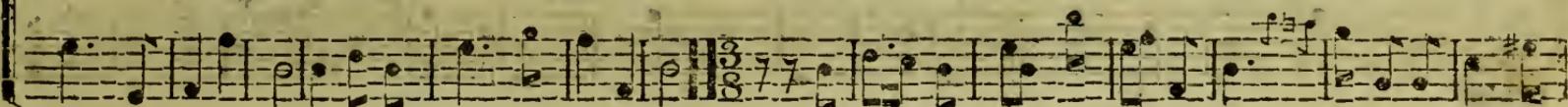
Before Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre-

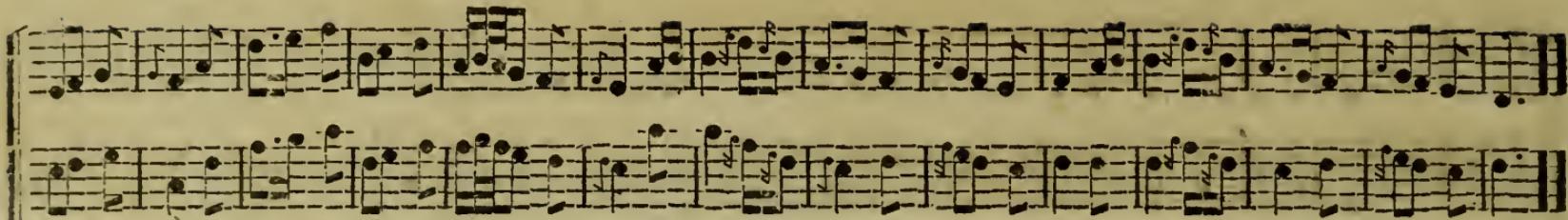


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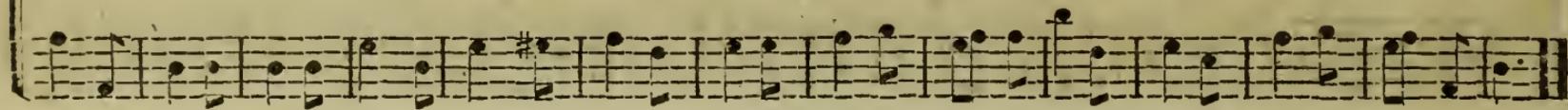


ate, and be destroy, He can cre - ate, and be destroy. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and



DENMARK *Continued.*

form'd us men; And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his fold again, He brought us to his fold again.



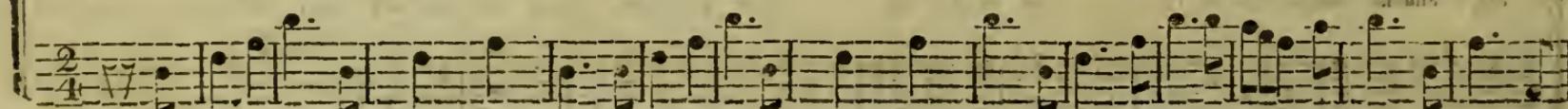
For.

Pia.

For.



We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces raise; And earth, and earth, with her ten thousand thousand



DENMARK *Continued.**Pia.**For.**Pia.**For.*

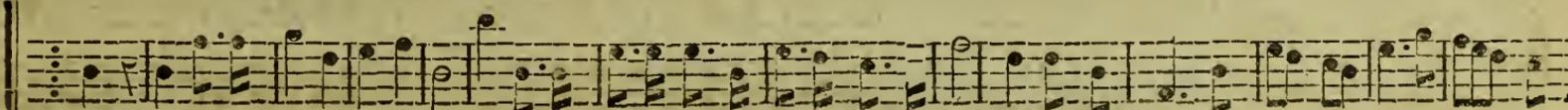
1 2

1 2

1 2

tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide, wide as the world is thy command; Vast as e - ter - nity, e - ter - ni - ty thy love! Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling



Pia.

Fer.

years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - - - ing years shall cease to move.

ARUNDEL.

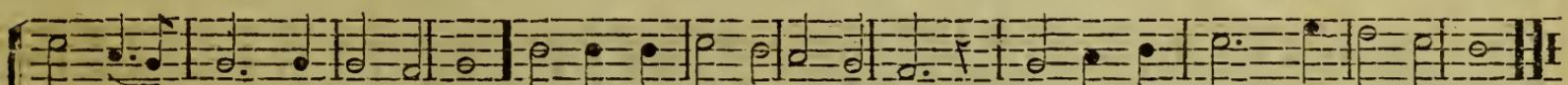
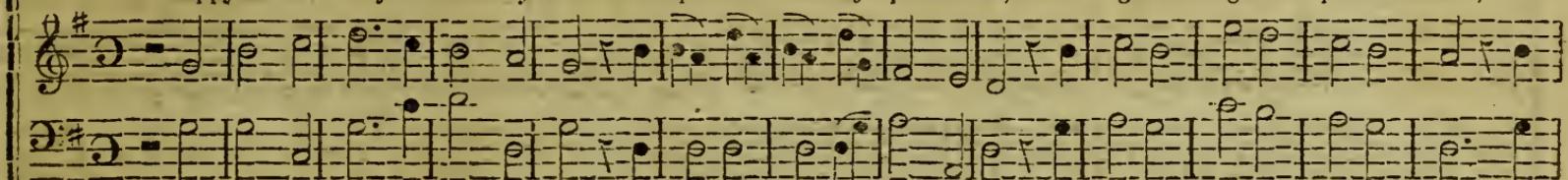
C. M.

A. Williams' Coll.

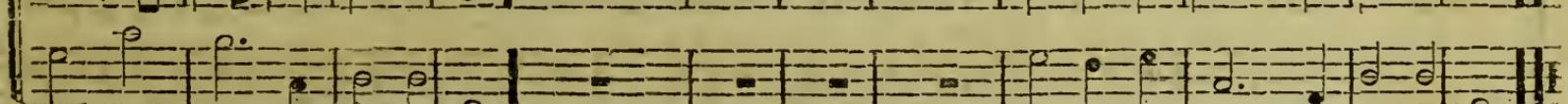
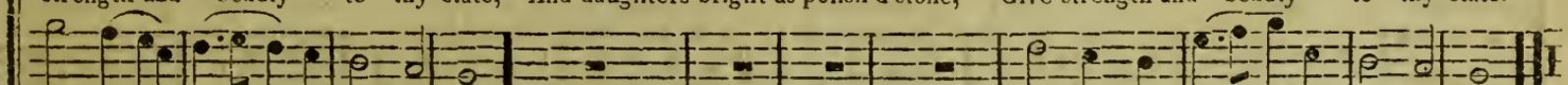
All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men, Begin, and never cease.



Happy the city where thy sons Like pillars round thy palace sat, And daughters bright as polish'd stone, Give



strength and beauty to thy state, And daughters bright as polish'd stone, Give strength and beauty to thy state.



Musical score for 'Behold the glories of the Lamb' in C. M. time signature. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, and the bottom staff is in F major. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a few sharp signs in the key signature.

Behold the glories of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne ! Prepare new honors for his name, Prepare new honors for his name,

Musical score for 'And songs before unkown.' in C. M. time signature. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, and the bottom staff is in F major. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a few sharp signs in the key signature.

And songs before unkown. Let elders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odours

sweet, With vials full of odours sweet, And harps of sweeter sound, And harps of sweeter sound.

GRÁTITUDE. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes my waking eyes ; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him that rolls the skies.

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